Settleb India and its Re We were told during our civil war that India was likely to prove a formidable rival of our Southern States as a purveyor of cotton, and now we hear a good deal acout the com-petition threatened from the same quarter in the wheat markets of the world. It seems abourd enough at first sight that a country which experiences periodical famines, and is estensibly unable to feed its own population, should be counted on by foreign consumers to furnish a large annual surplus of grain for export. It is clear enough, however, that this shiection is not conclusive, for extreme destifution may exist among the workingmen our own Eastern cities at the very time when our Western granaries are exceptionally full, and, as a matter of fact, large quantities of wheat were actually sent out of India during the last famine year. It is, therefore, an intricate and difficult incutry which is concerned with the capabilities of India to figure among the chief purveyors of wheat for foreign markets. Disregarding for the moment the cost of moving grain from the interior to the Indian ports of shipment, and the freight charges thence to European -considerations to which we shall afterward refer-we are confronted at the out set by the fundamental question, What propor-tion of the soil of India is available for wheat growing, and how cheaply can it be sold at the place of production? We find a certain amount of flight thrown on these preliminary subects of investigation by a book recently published by Sir James Carro, entitled India, the

Land and the People (Cassoll). The opportunities for observation enjoyed by ir James Caird were unusually favorable, and he might apparently have collected much more exhaustive materials for appreciation of the seonomical condition and possibilities of India than are forthcoming in this volume. invited to become a member of the Famine Commission which, after the great Indian famine of 1876-7, was appointed by the British Government to inquire into the whole circumstances of that calamity. For the results of that inquiry we naturally look in the book before us, but we find, to our regret, that the data are by no means as pertinent, definite, and chensive as could be wished. No attempt is made to tabulate, digest, and generalize the ets. Nevertheless, as we follow the Commissloper in his travels through the various provinces, we pick up a good deal of useful in formation, and by putting this together we are able to draw some trustworthy inferences regarding the collective resources of the country. We note, for instance, that on his journey from Bombay to Cawnpore, Sir James made careful inspection of the agricultural condition of the country. He tells us that the produce of wheat near Cawnpore is about sixteen bushels an sere, or little more than half of an English crop. He thinks that on such land, if water, light, and heat were in abundance, the crop might be doubled by an application of nitrate of sods. But at the respective values of wheat and nitrate in India there would be but little profit. It appears that at Cawnpore hirefarm laborers receive six cents a day and half a pound of parched grain. The practice of ertilizing fields with manure is unknown The dung of the cattle is all kneaded with straw into sun-dried cakes for fuel, and this is the universal practice in all parts of India. But Bir James adds that the cattle are generally so poerly fed that the loss to the land by this etice is not so great as one is apt to imagine. In the Punish Bir James found that the cultirated area is 20,000,000 acres, but there is, i seems, an equal quantity of cultivable, but at ent untilled. land. Here, and generally broughout northern India, a large part of the millets, after which supervene ten months' falow and ploughing, only two erops being taken from the soil in two years. In the Puniab farm servants are paid thus: they get two meals a day, some coarse clothing, and fifty cents a month in ouch.

In Bengal the cultivated area is 54,600,000 serse, which (reckoning the double crop) is four times the extent of the land devoted to grain and green crops in the United Kingdom. Besides feeding a population double that of Great Britain and Ireland, this Pres makes an annual export of produce valued at sverage price of tilled land is from ten to thirty dellars per sore, according to situation and quality, subject to a Government land tax of rom two cents to thirty-six cents per acre. In this Presidency field laborers' wages vary from four cents to twelve cents a day; when they are paid in kind, the farm hands get from

four to six pounds of grain per diem. ver an area nearly twice as great as the tilled land of the United Kingdom, the figures being 22.500,000 acres, against 11,600,000. Strange to say, Sir James neglects to give us any data for estimating the cost of production in this part of India. We meet with like omissions in the survey of the economical condition of the Bombay Precidency. We are able, fortunately, to offset these shortcomings by facts obtained elsewhere. It has been asserted by the author of "Indian Wheat versus American Protection" that wheat can be grown in the central provinces at from 6s. to vs. a quarter. This, however, is disputed by the Chief Commissioner of those provinces. who asserts that the first cost in districts near the railways must be put not lower than 11s. 8d. uarter. If it be true, as Mr. Fowler insists in the Nineleonth Century, that near the rallways an Indian producer can get double what he can obtain further off, the question whether India can ever compete with our Northwestern States depends upon the question whether the Indian railway system will be so extended as to give the whole wheat-producing area the same facilities now enjoyed by the sections through which the railways run. The facts collected by Sir James Caird in relation to agre as they are, demonstrate that abor is far cheaper in India than in America. out the present cost of moving grain from the place of growth to the railway station nearly doubles the selling price.

We must also bear in mind that after wheat as been placed on an Indian railway it has to my extertionate charges for transportation to the port of shipment. It appears that, on an average, every three hundred miles of railway carriage in India adds an extra charge of one shilling a quarter in excess of what the charge would be if the wheat were carried on an American line. According to Sir E. Baring the cost per ton per mile of railway carriage is almost double in India what it is in America. Looking at these facts, Mr. William Fowler de-clares that the Indian grower has everything in his favor which nature can give him, and that he is only hindered by the absence of chear rail carriage from competing with the American producer. This, however, is not . The greater distance of India from the European market is another unfavorable factor in the problem. Even if Indian wheat could be placed at Calcutta for as low a price as the wheat of our Northwestern States can be laid down at New York, the former would still be at a serious disadvantage. When Sir E. Baring published his "Financial Statement " for 1883, New York had an advantage in the shipment of grain to England of about \$6.25 a ton over Kurrachee, \$5.25 over Bombay and \$7 over Calcutts. And even in January 1884, when Mr. William Fowler prepared the statistics printed in the Nineteenth Century, tho rates gave New York the advantage of \$3.50 a on over Kurrachee and Bombay and \$5.23 over Calcutta.

From all the information to be gained from dir James Caird and others, we arrive at the following conclusions in regard to the wheatgrowing capacities of India: The present area under wheat cultivation is about 20,000,000 acres, and the amount of land devoted to this crop might be very largely increased. But Inila can never become a dangerous rival of the United States in the European wheat market until her 10,000 miles of railway have been quintupled, and until the charges for railway parriage have been reduced to the American

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standard. Nor will it suffice to place wheat at Kurrachee or Calcutta at the same price for which the product of our Northwestern States may be purchased in New York : it must be sold for a price so much lower as will offset the higher cost of cosan transpor-tation to Europe, seeing that it must siways cost much more to ship grain from India than from the United States. Now, there is not the slightest reason to believe that these preliminary conditions will be satisfied during the present generation, or within the next hundred years. Long before the British Government or British private capitalists supply the funds required to adequately extend the Indian railway system, it is probable that all the resources of the British empire will be needed to save India from Bussian aggression. With the Muscovite already at Mery and Saraks, there are few investments less alluring to the English capitalist than an Indian raliway.

Some allowances must be made for the

circumstances in which A Perilous Secret (Harpers) has been published. It is a posthumous novel, and lacks those final touches of which it is now known CHARLES BEADE was as lavish as was Balzae himself. There are some faults of taste and blemishes of style, which would undoubtedly have been pruned away had the author lived to complete the process of re-vision, but there are also some signs of feebloness in the conception of character and manip-ulation of plot, and these, in all likelihood, would have escaped his scrutiny, being insep arable from that partial eclipse of the creative and critical faculties that comes with ilineas and old age. Nevertheless, "A Perilous is the most noteworthy of the English novels published within a twelvenonth, and it is certain to find more readers than any other, although the writer's popularity is thought to have considerably declined in the latter years of his life. On this point Mr. Reade is said to have been very sensitive, and he did not always disguise the impatience with which he witnessed the suc cess of the landscape drawing in which Mr. William Black and Mr. Thomas Hardy induige, or of the microscopic study of common-place types for which Mr. Howells and Mr Henry James have evinced such aptitude. There are two passages in the book before us betray the annoyance with which Reads beheld the propensity of his once loyal readers to run after strange gods. Apropos for instance, of a short descriptive passage which he begs the reader not to skip, he remarks: "It is true that some of our rifted contemporaries paint Italian [query: Highland?] scenery at prodigious length apropos des bottes, and others show, in many pages, that the rocks and the sea are picturesque objects, even when irrelevant True that others gild the evening clouds and the western horizon merely to please the horizon and the clouds. But we hold with Pope that the proper study of mankind is man, and that authors' pictures are bores except as narrow frames to big incidents." No one, we ing that the writer had in his mind the prolix and irrelevant descriptions of scenery in Princess of Thule" and "Far from the Madding Crowd." It is another phase of recent fiction which Charles Reade has in view in the fol lowing comments with which the present story is concluded, and which must, therefore, be regarded as the author's He is parrying the charge that the old-fashioned novelists, of whom he ilmself was a survival, unlike Trollope, Black. Howell, and James, go outside the beaten track for their persons and incidents. " It has lately been objected to the writers of fiction-es pecially to those few who are dramatists as well as novelists-that they neglect what Shake speare calls the middle of humanity, and deal in eccentric characters above or below the peo-ple one really meets. • • For our part, we will never place Fiction, which was the paren of History, below its child. Our hearts are with those superior men and women who, whether in history or fiction, make life beautiful, and also the standard of humanity. Such characters exist even in this plain tale, and it is these slone, and our kindly readers, we take leave of with regret." Next to Charles Heads the author of 7 Se No (Harpers) must be acknowledged to com-

mand the largest audience in the English novel-reading world. It is also true, however, of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, who, though he has survived Reade, was his contemporary, that he has lost ground during the last ten years. He never had Reade's power of drawing admirable and lovable persons, and although his style possesses the capital merit of perspiculty, it is In the Madras Presidency the food crops and conscientious report of a detective. The truth, of course, is that his stories are combinations of incident, not dissections of character, and that they belong to the school of French fiction, whose conspicuous exemplars were Sue in the last and Gaboriau in the present generation. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the best of Mr. Collins's performances, regarded solely as models of constructive skill, are not superior to anything produced in France; on the other hand, we do not recall any French story whose plot is artfully constructed in which, at the same time, the subordination of character drawing is carried so far as it is in "I Say No." It is impossible to feel even the most languid interest in any of the persons of this tale. The writer assures us that his heroine was a most fascinating being, but we decline to credit it, and the rest of his figures are mere puppets, mainly distinguished from each other by some peculiar trick, as, in one instance, by the constant craving of a comely young woman for something dainty to eat. It is quite as true, however, of "I Say No." as of its companion stories, that he who once begins it will press on eagerly to the end, for there is a secret to unravel, and the author is far too clever to permit the reader to divine it in the beginning or even the middle of the book. In the case of a story whose construc-tion is its main and even its sole merit, we should render the author and his publisher. or for that matter the reader, but a poor service by divulging the plot; we will merely say that the fundamental situation of "I Say recalls that which was worked up so cleverly by Adolphe Bolot in "Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix." The points of difference are that it is not the heroine's husband, but her father, who is murdered, and that the person who loves her, and whom she comes near marrying, is not the real murderer, although the circum-

stantial evidence against him is overwhelming. Mr. Anster, whose "Vice Versa" seemed to promise the advent of a new and genuine bumorist, has written a second and much more elaborate story called A Giant's Robe (Appleione). The central idea is one which in his hands generates a plenty of diverting and some strongly dramatic situations. It is new, too in the sense that it had never been em ployed by a writer who was capable of turning it to good account. Mr. Anstey designates in his preface the closure source from which he obtained the auggestion of the awkward complications besetting the man who claims to have written another person's book. Since the publication of Mr. Anstey's novel, or rather since it proved one of the most eminently successful books of the season, attempts have been made to convict the author of obligations to a story entitled "Tom Singleton, Dragoon and Dramatist," which fell still-born from the press. Such imputations will miscarry, for the sim-ple reason that "Tom Singleton" would never have been heard of but for the remarkable merit of Mr. Anstey's book, which is alive with humor of a delightful kind, besides evincing a power of distinct characterization and the rare faculty of rousing the reader's sympathies, and of more than once exciting deep feeling. The instinctive perceptions of the great body of novel readers have recognized in "A Giant's Robe" a story of rare charm, and when we compare it with "Vice Versa" can see that it attests unusual fertility and the capacity of steady self-improvement on the part of the author. Among the very recent aspirants for distinction in this field Mr.

Anotor seems, on the whole, the most likely

In the novels which have followed "Mr Isaacs" in swift succession, Mr. F. Maston Chawrond has by no means demonstrated a espacity of growth. The capital purpose interest the reader, and, pr spenking, a dull novel is no novel at all. What ever exceptions might be taken to "Mr. Isanes, no one could say that it was dull; on the con trary, so novel of its year was more successful in exciting and chaining the attention of the reader. In this respect "Dr. Claudius" and "To Leeward" showed a falling off, and Mr. Crawlord's latest story, A Roman Singer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will retain but a remant of the audience which the author secure by his first venture. It is impossible to feel much interest in the Italian opera singer who coses as the hero of the tale, or in the young German lady who succumbs to the spell which tenors are popularly supposed to exercise over empty-headed persons of the feebler sex The only person in the story who stimulates some curiosity is a Russian Hebrow who at first seems invested with a little of the strange sees and mystery which enveloped Mr. Issaes For a time, indeed, the reader is permitted to suppose that this singular being will turn ou to be our old acquaintance, the Wandering more imposing than an Israelite lunatic. On the whole, we should infer from the intellectua poverty disclosed in "A Roman Singer" that Mr. Crawford has exhausted the store of experience and reflection on which he drew in "Mr. Isaacs," and that he might do well to let is mind lie fallow for a time and patiently ap ply himself to the accumulation of fertilizing material. The San Roserio Reach, by MAUDE Hown

tempt to jump Bret Harte's claim. It is a fa-

rorite device of California's great novellat to place a consummate type of feminine accom-plishment and fascination—a graduate of Vasear, for example, or the high-bred daughter of a Kentucky farmer-in close contact with those rough diamonds of human nature encountered among the miners and gamblers of the Pacific coast. The studied refinement and elegant manners of these feminine exemplars of Atlantic culture is alleged to produce an impres sion of such intensity as to persuade the fleroe ceptible Californian to pretermit hi homicidal habits and indules in the unwonted luxury of "a wash." Pondering over the effective use which Mr. Harte has made of the contrast bove outlined, the author of "San Rosario Ranch" has committed the blunder of assuming that even more picturesque and startling effects would be attained by heightening one term of the comparison. She has chosen therefore, for her heroine a young woman so supremely cultured that, in her eyes a graduate of Vassar would seem a shop girl, and a Blue Grass belle a kitchen wench. The young woman whom she places on a Califor-nia ranch, although an American by blood, has een reared in a Venetian palace, and is, we are assured, quite saturated with the tastes and traditions of the Italian Bensissance. Naturally a person of this kind, if she consent ed to a transient exile in California, would insist upon carrying with her some of the atmos-phere in which she had been brought up. She arrives at the ranch, accordingly, with a lot of great trunks containing a motley collection of rticles, for example, pictures, "a large Eastern carpet." a majolica shrine with a figure of San intonio, a "deep-hued Egyptian scarf." a parchment illuminated missal of the fifteenth century, a set of delicately wrought silken window and bed hangings of "pale sea color." a pair of heavy silver candelabra, with a ponderous packet of wax tapers, and an old copy of Dante with a "mouse-gnawed cover." These fressures having been disposed around a chamber of the frame building occupied by the ranchero's family, "I have made it a little like Venice," cried Millicent excitedly, "only the walls in my bedroom there are hung in silk, and all painted in water The methetic absurdity of placing a person like this on a California ranch lies, of course, in the fact that nobody could get near enough to her plane of experience and senti-ment to understand her. The author evades the difficulty by inventing a hero altogether as incongruous and impossible as the heroine. What, indeed, is more grotesquely inconcel able than a San Francisco painter, whose nic ously hung on the walls of the Paris Salon or the London Academy, and who, meanwhile, though not adequately appreciated by the native patrons of art, still earns such a handas destitute of grace and beauty as the concise days on a ranch of his own? The simple some income that he is able to pass his holiof San Rosario ranch has anything in common with the scenes and persons among which they are placed. In Bret Harte's stories at least one of his protagonists is always racy of the

> Howe's romance remind us too forcibly that Colum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare current. The reputation of Mr. R. D. BLACKMORE. firmly grounded as it has seemed to b hardly survive many injuries like that inflicted by Tommy Upmore (Harpers). This book professes to recount the adventures of a young man, distinguished by such extraordinary physical levity and buoyancy as to possess at certain times of emotional excitement the power of flight. Some of the incidents narated are amusing, and the dialogue is always bright, but the polemical purpose of the writer is too patent. The result is that the author falls between two stools, having succeeded in producing neither a satisfactory novel nor an ffective political satire. It is a pity that a man of Mr. Blackmore's cleverness should have wasted time in trying to fuee things which are essentially incompatible. He has made it clear. no doubt, that he does not approve of Mr. Gladstone's Egyptian policy, but he sould have told us that in a letter to the Times. As it is. he has taught the great body of novel reader to eye his future books with suspicion, having undertaken to lecture them in an even more palpable and officious way than that adopted by Dickens in "Bleak House" and Charles Reads in "Very Hard Cash."

Californian soil, but the chief persons of Miss

John Holdsworth, Chief Mate (Harpers), is the latest of the sea stories with which Mr. W. CLARKS RUSSELL has striven to gratify the appetite awakened by his "Wreck of the Grosvenor." It has more of a plot than any of his other tales, and presents a happy variation of the situation on which Tennyson grounds the poem of "Enoch Arden." It is, of course, ineredible, in view of the almost universal postal acilities which exist at the precent day, that a shipwrecked mariner should be for years una-ble to send home tidings of his whereabouts. Mr. Russell meets this difficulty by assuming that the acute and prolonged sufferings on dured upon a raft by the sole survivor of a shipwreck resulted in a paralysis of the memory, whereby the sufferer's whole experionce preceding his rescue became a blank only reillumined when accident had brought him in contact with the scenes amid which his early life was passed. Mr. Russell maintains that his hypothesis is founded upon fact, but we find it hard to reconcile with the observed laws of association that a man should forget every incident and circumstance of his past life, and yet retain his power of speech in a language almost every word of which would suggest, it might be thought, some detail of the experiences amid which that language had seen acquired and employed. How, for instance, could the hero of Mr. Russell's story use the words mother and wife, and not recall any of the emotions and ideas with which they had been coupled? Without dwalling further upon this point, we may say that in another direction he has improved upon the Enoch Ar-den story. In this instance the second marriage of the wife who supposed herself a widow proves unhappy, and John Holdsworth regains his wife by the lucky death of her second husband.

In Tinkline Combale Mr. Engan PAWCETT has made a careful study of that phace of American society which is known to well-born and well-

bred people is New York and Newport. This book is not open to the criticism which is commonly pronounced on most of the attempts to deal with the same theme, namely, that the authors know but sittle of society, specifically so called, and are compelled to evolve its manners and customs out of their inner conscious ness. This is so far from being true of " Tinking Cymbals" that it might not be difficult for a too inquisitive reader to divine the very person whom the author had in mind in sketch ing this or that particular character. We would not, of course, imply that Mr. Pawcett is guilty of the bad taste of photographing his acquaint ances, and the suggestions to which we allude are, no doubt, involuntary. It is only, moreover, in the background or the middle disance that these familiar types encounter us the characters in the foreground are in a stric sense works of art. The true dramatic faculty makes itself falt on his canvas: he is not sat that his heroine is beautiful and amiable, and his hero strong and honorable; he has the gift of making the reader like the one and respect the other.

This supreme gift of provoking a lively interest in the persons of his story, and even a warm attachment for them, was conspicuous n "Guerndale," but it is noticeably lacking in the new story by the same author, entitled Th Crime of Henry Vane (Scribners). The writer seems conscious that his book is rather a psychological disquisition than an entertain ing parrative, for he terms it "a study with a moral." Now, it is sufficiently annoying to have a moral foisted on you after an hour's diversion, but to be coolly bidden in advance to search for one is the reverse of encouraging. It is true that Balzac had a way of giving some of his novels solemn titles, and of pro-fessing to approach his work as a philosopher (Roberts Brothers), would be described in the region which it purports to deplot as an atrather than an artist, but he never failed to plaus curiosity and control the reader's sympathies. It is a fatal objection to the book before us that the writer abuses the philosopher's privilege of dulness. We cannot bring our selves to care a straw either about Henry Vane or the young woman who jilts him, and as to troubling ourselves to draw a "moral" from a "study" in which we fail to feel the alightest nterest, life is far too short for such a futile waste of energy. The only definite sensation which this book to likely to excite in the reader's mind is a certain languid wonder how it is culminating in an incident so travical as sulide, and yet not experience a trace of sympathy for the idiotic fellow that destroys him self or for the insignificant creature for whose

sake he blows his brains out. All the novels of which we have thus for spoken, however they may differ in respect o interest and artistic merit, are at least penned by persons of education, who know what good nglish means, and who would shrink from printing solecisms. We cannot say as much or Stage Struck, by Blanche Roosevelt (Fords. Howard & Hulbert). This book purports to reount the experience in Europe of one of the silly girls who, because they have triumphed in a village choir or at a country concert, imagine that after a few months' tuition in Italy they can qualify themselves for the phenomena successes of the operatic stage. How they fail, why they fail, and what ugly forms their failure often takes, is, to most readers, a twice-told tale though we know of no reason why the author f "Stage Struck" should not repeat it, provided she can set forth her experiences in tolerable literary form. But this, unhappily, she is incompetent to do. Almost every page blunders or vulgarities of idiom, which may be tolorated in the colloquial speech of the far West, but which we are not accustomed to see reproduced in print, unless it is the author's rowed purpose to regale us with a study in dialect. It is not worth while to discuss the other defects of this volume, since it lacks the fundamental eredential of being written in columns of a New York daily newspaper.

There is another recent novel about which ome unpleasant truths ought to be spoken unless book notices are to be universally discredited as mere indiscriminate puffs. We refer to An Average Man, by Mr. ROBERT GRANT. which was first published as a serial in the Century Magazine, and which is now reprinted by J. B. Osgood & Co. This is the flimsless piece of work that has been admitted to the columns of the periodical mentioned since it passed into the hands of the present editors. The author has none of the qualifications which we have a right to look for in a novelist. He has not the knowledge of human nature which comes from a wide experience of the world, nor does he give evidence of an adequate acquaintance with what is technically called society. Even his knowledge of books is of the distressingly shallow and self-complacent character which we are accustomed to associate with newfledged graduates. The persons of his tale are mechanical puppets, devoid of verisimilitude and individuality. The attempts at humor are of a feeble and abortive kind, and although the writer is, we infer, a graduate of Harvard, he has not learned to write good English nor to prune his speech of some rank Yankeeisms.

The Smithsonian Institution has published in a thin volume the "Myths of the Iroquois," by Erminnie A. Smith. It is a valuable and matructive collection of Indian legends. They first appeared in the report of the Bureau of Ethnology for 1881, but we are gind to have them in this separate form.

Mesars. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have published three

additional novels belonging to the series of romances suggested by Dumas's Monte Cristo. They are "The Wife of Monte Cristo," "The Son of Monte Cristo," and "The Countess of Monte Cristo," Mr. J. W. Steele is the author of " To Mexico by Palace about 100 pages, pleasantly written, full of information

and telling the traveller in Mexico a good deal that he wants to know Lyman Whitney's "Modern Protous" (F. Leypolds) gives an entertaining and valuable ac unt of books published in different editions under different titles.

The Secretary of the Lacroses Association of Canada. Mr. W. K. McKanght, publishes an elaborate manual of Lacrosse and How to Play It." The work is illustrated

with numerous engravings.

A beautifully printed little volume is Mr. James Bradley Thayar's "Western Journey with Mr. Emerson." It narrates an excursion to California made in 1871 by s party of twelve persons, Mr. Emerson being the principal. Mr. Thayer's report of the sayings of Mr. Emerson and the advantures or the party is written from memor If he had kept a diary the narrative would have been

much more valuable.

A charming book for children is "The Old Caravan
Days" by Mary Hartwell Catherwood (Lethrop & Ue.). We commend "A Boy's Workshop," giving an account of various mechanical occupations that boys are naturally fond of, with directions for the use of tools, and plans for outdoor as well as indoor work. Photography, knots, hitches, and splices, tent building, and the making of flies for fishing, are among the subjects illustrated of the power of pant dishrus Rossetti. MA showy edition of the poems of Dante Gabriel Rossett s toqued by Howell & Co.

From San Francisco we have McCarty's "Annual Statisticism for 1884," containing a useful variety of in-formation, much of which relates especially to the

## Prejevalsky, the Great Explorer, in Tibet. From the London Times.

St. Petersburg, June 29.-A St. Petersburg journal publishes a letter, under date March 12, purporting to be from Colonel Prejevaisky in Tibet, stating that he and his party had passed the Gobl and Kau-soo Mountains, and were proceeding to Koko-Nor and Tchaidam, and so on to the sources of the Yellow River, after leaving their superfluous baggage and camels in the de-pot at the foot of the Burkhaubudda. The party, to the number of sixteen, will return to the depot in August, and will penetrate as far as Lhassa, if their entry into that capital he silowed; otherwise they will explore Northern Tibet. Colonic Prejevalsky writes: "The detachment is quite on a war footing. We all ride with Berdan rifles and muskets, and sentincle and

pickets are piscod and cent out day and night. Indexibi discipline is maintained, and we are all glad to be away from the fifth of European life."

Padded Connections Calves. From the New Haven Palladium. This forences a young rider logged slowly past the City Mail on his "whice!" There was a rent in one of his hone from which there futtered yarn pennants of three different colors upon the fresh morning air, showing him he had at least three different pairs of stockings and possibly as many more. PORTRY OF THE PARISE

From the French of Lesents de Etele Prom those I loved like a and exile banned, With halting steps I leave my life's sweet days On the high hill, whereto the pathway strays, My lone last hope; and bitter are my tears. Saferer, believe thy mute distress bath treth :

Nor e'er shall flower again thy heart or youth At eruel memory of thy bygone bliss. To newer anguish rather turn thy sight And let fall back to their eternal night.
The love and luck that them want decemed to

Time's heavenly plotges all are proven lies. Thy rains shall not bloom before thine eyes Give their dead ashes to oblivion's breath. Tarry not, his thee to thy rest profound;

Bothink thee, living in the shade of death, Not one who leves thee on this earth is found So life must be; in valu we elrive or cry. The weak may weep, the ford may writte in wrath The cage laught at it, knowing he must die.

In the temb's slience where at last man's path Patth.

will not think the last farewell we hear Is more than brief good-by that a friend saith farning toward home, that to our home lies near I will not think so harshly of kind death. I will not think the last looks of dear eras Fade with the light that fades at our dim air, But that the apparent glories of the skies Weigh down their lids with beams too bright to bear Our dead have left us for no dark, strange lands. Unwelcomed there, and with no friends to most But hands of angels hold the tremhing hands. And hands of angels guide the faltering feet. I will not think the soul gropes dumb and blind, A brief space through our world, death-doomed fre blinth withink that Love shall ever find A fairer beaven than he made on earth.

Educational Courtebly From the Somerville Journal She was a Boston maiden, and she'd scarcely passes eighteen.
And as levely as a hourt, but of grave and seber mion;
A sweet encyclopedia of every kind of lore.
Though love looked coyly from behind the glasses that
alse work.

She sat boside her lover, with her albow on his knee, and dreasnily she gased upon the simplering summe Until he brake the silence, saying: "Fray, Minerva, dear, Inform me of the meaning of the Thingness of the Here. "I know you're just from Concord, where the lights of wisdom be,

Your head craimed full to bursting, leve, with their philosophy—

Those beary-heeded cares and maids of horizor bine—

These love me the consudrum, love, that I have put to you."

She smiled a dreamy smile and said: "The Thingness of the Here the Here
Is that which never yet has passed nor yet arrived, my
dear:
Indeed," the maid continued, with a colm, unruffed "The Thingness of the Here is just the Thisness of the

A smile illumed the lever's face, then without any haste He said a manly arm around the maiden's siender waist, And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and leving And on her cherry lips impressed a warm and leving kiss.

And said: "Leve, this is what I call the Fewness of the This."

## Edication's a Wonderful Thing

From Puck.

"So, Jahn, you're done with the college,
And are back on the farm once more,
And are back on the farm once more,
An a analy apple of orce.
It's cost a heap to learn you all—
To cipher and figure and speak,
And it's different work a hooing cers
From digging in Latin and Greek.
So is it law, or is it pills
You choose for your occupation?
Or, better still come, settle down,
And scoopt a D.D.'s station."

"Weil dad, I have thought of the law,
But they say its all overdone:
As for pills, why every one knows,
Its the hardest work under the sem.
A parson's robe would never fit
you a man and the sem.
A parson's robe would never fit
you a man and the sem.
A parson's robe would never fit
you a man and the sem.
A parson's robe would never fit
you a man and the sem.
That plays in the E. S. C.
So I'm a nangared at two thousand a year.
And signed the papers, tea,
To stand behind the hast and eateh
For the club from Kalamaso."

"Two thousand a year!" The old man starce; It makes his head to sing. And he just has sense to matter alond: "Edication's a wooderful thing!"

## A Levere' Querrel.

From the Philadelphia Call. Into the tilt of love's bright message
There has crept a curi-us jar and halt.
It does not give us the same sweet pleasure;
But I have kept time—it is not my fault.
When you struck faine chards I winced and bere!
You turned the wrong pages and the blamed my
You skupped whole bers when we tried to go e'er
Aud now we are hopelessly out of key.

And you are penitent, dear, and ready
To try the whole melody once again;
But I am worn out, and my hand is mesteady;
I tell you I cannot so ever the strain.
My nerves are unatrung and my head to weary;
I have lost all interest and do not care;

What fearful discords we make in closing— Though our touch was perfect when we be The piece is worthy a god's composing. But 'its badly rendered always by man. I played my part with power and passion, And now I dm done with that duet; But you wan through it in jide fashion—

In the Heanery. From the Burlington Hamber

Othello—Is she not on uset?
lago—Un nest, my lord?
Othello—On nest, av. on nest.
lago—W jord, for aught I knew,
Othello—W hat dost thou think?
laso—M jord?
Othello—W hat your?
Othello—
By beaven, he schoes me. Invilo
Think, my lore r

by heaven, he enhace me.
As if there were some mounter in the coos,
for hidenut to be shown. Thou dost mean comething.
I reard there say but now, thou lift did not that.
As though thy breakfast ogg was stale or had been as: And when I told thee she was of my brand.
The choirest layer of a thousand heat, thou eried'et,
"Indeed!"
As one would say he had a Cochin hen
tould lay an eag with her, for money,
show me ine hen!

thow me the hen!

I and I day be sworn that she is on neet.

I day be sworn that she is on neet.

I have I day be to, then. Like to the Pentick see,

Whose ley current and compulsive course

N'er feels retiring this, but keeps due on,

Even so a setting hen will set. or reserviring each, but aceps due on, ven en a setting hen will set, ind set, and set around and lay fresh eggs in a will not scratch around and lay fresh eggs ill ammething hatch. I have tied ill ammething hatch. I have tied ed strings to their tails, and deused old water on them, and have accred them, and chased them round the yard, and ses will withdraw for them, but set they will withdraw formits and the set they will.

to furnish me with some swift means of death
for the old hen. Ay, ay; and by jond marble heaven,
will sell her in the market
or a squab!

Night and Day. From the Independent. The innocent, sweet Day is dead. Dark Night hath stain her in her bed. Oh! Monra are as ferred to kill as to wed! "Put out the light!" said he. A sweeter light than ever rayed From star of heaven or eye of maid Has vanished in the unknown shade, "Bhe's dead! She's dead!" said he. Now, in a wild, sad after mood, The tawny Night site still to broad Upon the dawn-time when he wood. "I would she lived!" said he.

Star-memories of happier times, Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes, Throng forth in silvery pantomimes. "Come back, O Day!" said he.

A Critical Moment.

From the Providence Journal. Two easy chairs, a veranda wide, A corner hid from the light inside; Rare roses around—

Mare roses around—
And he holds her hand;
With perfumed zenhyrs her checks are famed.
All housed words are the words she hears.
"Will he, to-night!" and she hopes and fears.
Then all is still, and old Time is lest:
All that she hears is her own heart beat.
As the light ag out in descried falls,
issuity a head on a shoulder falls,
is not should be a shoulder falls,
if a should be a should

Vecation Vagarios From the Baston Journal.

Idling in woodland nocks.

Dabbling in lengthing brenks,
Andling with sling and street,
Andling with sling and street,
Mirrored in or slil and street,
Mirrored in chair and ways
Rotting as pass the shorty or days;
Innocant of care
Mothing any where
Giving came for any sect of worry
Rashacho-guiling thought or wooding harry,
As watt the gierious simmer passes by,
Momente by pieceares momente as they dr.

THE EMPRESS RUGENIE IN HER HOME THE KING OF CAMBODIA AND HIS

LONDON, June 30 .- The imperial residence of Farnborough has quite lately awakened from its mournful repose to welcome young Prince Victor, who came to England to be pres ent at the commemoration of the fatal day of June which closed the last chapter of the Napoleonie dynasty. He was persuaded to prolong his visit, and it is said that the simple frenk good nature of the son of Princess Clotilde, the cousin of the King of Italy, the beir apparent of her own son, made so favor able an impression on the Empress Eugenie that she has actually signed the documents which bequeath to him at her death that same arge estate of Farnborough, with all its rare and historical collection of souvenirs of the empire and a not inconsiderable portion of her private fortune. This gift would in a measure explain and justify the independen attitude taken within the last few days by the young Napoleon.

Farnborough is an extensive domain in Hampshire, easy of access from London by all, and not a mile distant from the camp of Aldershot, yet lying in the midst of a perfectly rural, somewhat wild district among the pines, and surrounded by tracts of gorse and heather. The mansion, of no particular style, seems nerely the agglomeration of different buildings both pseudo Norman and Gothic, so much affected in this country. The beams and bricks are partly hidden by trailing roses and creepers, while a new wing contains the dining hall. The irregular roofs and gables and the whole character of the house give it far more the assect of belonging to a wealthy commoner than of a princely abode. A splendid avenue of stalwart trees leads up to the principal entrance and to grounds of great beauty, with French gardens and stiff yews similar to those of Vorsailles. On one of the terraces, surrounded by lowers, stands a fine marble statue of the Premier Consul. The conservatories and greenlouses are splendid, and at the furthest extremity of the park lies a lake of some ten acres, beyond which stretches out the forest. This spot the Empress calls her Compiègne, and it affords the imperial visitors excellent Euranie did not leave Chisloburst to fir from

he ever present memory of the double tragedy that darkens her life. That grief is with her iways. She is having a magnificent chapel and monastery erected in her new abode, where he mortal remains of her son will be deposited by those of his father. The familiar atmos-phere surrounds her at Farnborough as at Camden House. In entering the long gallery and reception rooms on the ground floor the are visitors meet with many of the objects of art and interest which they knew so well in France, and which the Empress has gradually collected once more around her, sometimes at he cost of long and expensive lawsuits. Some of those bronnes were at Pontainebleau. This inlaid cabinet comes from the villa at Biarritz; these miniatures from St. Cloud. At the extremity of the central hall is the sanctuary consecrated to the Prince Imperial. It is the facsimile of the apartment prepared at Chisieturst for the return of the young officer. His percaved mother has placed there his own particular furniture, his books, his favorite weapons. There, too, hange the life-size portrait of him by the Vienness artist Cannon, and the two pictures by Protais-one representing the Prince standing alone, forsaken and boldly fronting the infuriated armed savages; the other showing him lying dead in the tall

The establishment is on a moderate scale. The stables contain but few horses, among them the ponies driven by the Empress herself and the horse she brought over from the Cape. Five or six carriages bear the imperial colors arms, and crown. The servants, although not numerous, are all of long standing in their office, and admirably trained. They are under the superintendence of old Ullmann, who, since 1856, had never left the Prince-a most picturesque and touching figure. Ullmann is the type of those trusty retainers who in France made dependence as great as nobility. He belongs to that long line of faithful servants who followed their masters into exile, shared their prison, their poverty, sometimes their death, or jealously guarded their property during the emigration, herole and humble, sublime and ignored, never wav-ering from their allegiance, and perpetuating through centuries the beredity of their devotion as unbroken and not less glorious than the heredity of name and rank which they served. Ulimann is of the race of Noel in 'La Joie fait Peur," but less fortunate. He sould not bring back into his mother's arms the son she knew was killed. Even now, talking of his young master's death, his hands are enched, and tears of despair well to his eyes. Very few people resided permanently at Camden House, and the number has not been increased at Farnborough. The Due de Bassano, courtier of misfortune as others are of prosperity, Mme. Le Breton Bourbaki, sister of the General and constant companion of the Empress for the last fourteen years, and Monsieur Franceschini Pietri, private secretary, exclusively compose the small household. The Duke, in spits of his great age, frequently visits France. Whenever it is necessary that the Empress should be represented at imperial ceremonies or anniversaries he is seen in the first rank firm and erect. During his temporary absence he is replaced by his son, the Marquis de Bassano, who renounced diplomacy at the fall of the empire, and who, having married a anadian, is now settled in England.

Now and then the former ladies in waiting at the court of the Tuileries cross the Channel o present their homage to their dethroned mistress. Most of them offered to share her canishment, but she refuses, unwilling to sever the ties that bind them to home and country. Two or three young girls only are attached to the little court. Mile, Corvisart, still in mourning for her father, the most celebrated of the Emperor's physicians, has for the last few months dwelt entirely at Farnborough. Beyond the rare visits paid by Eugénie her "friend and cousin" Victoria, those she occasionally receives from Prince Napoleon, Prince Victor, the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, and the Aguado her solitude is almost unbroken. She has not put aside her mourning, which she will wear, no doubt, to her dying day, but she does not expect or wish others to do the same; on the contrary, she prefers to be surrounded by women clad in light and elegant costumes. It brings back fleeting and attractive memories of that world so ardent in the pursuit of pleasure. of the time when her "Mondays" united all the votaries of fashion, of the charactes and stag hunts of Complègne, of the days when Winterhalter painted her the fairest among the fair women of her court, evoking a vision of the Decameron in the middle of the nineteenth After her reconciliation with Prince Napoleon

it was rumored that the Empress proposed to recenter the arena of politics. But such was never her intention. She stretched our her hand to her imprisoned cousin. fulfilling what she deemed a duty to him, to herself, to their respective positions, but still determined to keep aloof from the past. Since Monsieur Rouher's death, when she requires devoted and special men to advise her, to guard her interests, and to insure the respect of her dignity. she summons former Ministers and eminent lawyers such as Messieurs Grandperret and Busson Billaut.

In the seclusion of the domain of Farnborough the widow lives buried in regret-regret of the magical, unexpected, ephemeral past; regret of the husband who gave her power and lost it regret of the young son through whom alone it might have been reconquered, and about the might have been reconquered, and about the manner of whose death she has been ever so strangely, so determinedly, so generously silent. This is, however, what is told as following her arrival at Farnborough. Col.— who commanded the regiment in which the ill-fated Prince Imperial served, owned considerable property in the immediate neighborhood of the estute purchased by the Empress. When she had finally settled in her new shode the Colonel oraved permission to conform to custom and to lay his neighborly homese at her feet. A fortage that the state of the interview his property was advertised for sale.

PEOPLE

From the Courter des Etats Unte M. Delaporte, a Lieutenant on board a French war vessel, gives an account of a recent visit to King Norodom of Cambodia. royal residence." he says, "is a town in itself, Several thousand people are lodged in the en-closure, all of whom are attached to the service of the King. At the end of the first courtyard, surrounded by different kinds of buildings, stands the European palace, which is quite similar to the dwellings of the rich merchants of Saigon. Behind that, in another seedo, ure, is the native habitation, gardane, and huts. This is the division set apart for the harem, and is closed to the profane. The mandarins are the most energetic purveyors of the harem. They hope to obtain favor by giving their best-looking daughters to the King. The women are allowed to go out, and, by one of those strangs carprices commen enough among the monarchs of the East, who are by turns cruel and paternal, they are allowed to marry, the King giving up all he claims at the request of the lovers. But, on the other hand, any attempt to enter the sucred harem surreptitiously is punished with the utmost severity. The first time I visited Cambodia, a young bonze, in high favor at the court, was discovered firsting with one of the pretitiest wives of Norodom. The latter, according to the usual custom ordered the two lovers to be buried alive. The accused, however, escaped the punishment through the intervention of the old queen mother, who is a zealous Buddhist devotes. Since that time It appears that the fair seghave not become wisor, but their bunishment has been changed. On returning from our expedition, the Ring, who had come to visit the chief of the French protectorate, asked for some details as to the European method of exceuting, or rather shooting, criminals. Moura, without attaching much importance to the queetion, gratified his Bajesty's curioskir, But what was our astonishment when two hours alterward we learned that four young women of the harom had been shot in the European military style, and their heads taken off and hung up for the encouragement of the other ladies of the household.

"The King received us cordially, and promised to facilitate to the utmost of his alignment to govern. He told us in confidence that he acked for one of our doctors. He was lamed by a recent f of the King. At the end of the first courtyard, surrounded by different kinds of buildings.

of the inaufficiency of this method, and a ciose examination of the hurt was made and the remedies applied.

"On going out of the palace we found at the remedies applied.

"On going out of the palace we found at the remedies applied to prove the king. Others were going the recovery of the king. Others were going through the streets chanting and singing palms. Public prayers had been ordered throughout the kingdom. Around the pagodas and in front of every house tail bamboo canes were placed and dressed with ribbons of various colors. Beside the attauce of Buddha, at the cross roads and in the interior of the Chinese dwellings, odoriferous torches were kept burning. Trade was stapended. The people appeared outdoors in their holiday costumes. In the evening and late at night the streets were filled with people carrying torches or lanterns. The sounds of the going and of the tam-tam were mixed with the constant detonations of fire crackers, and the sky was continually streaked with rockets, whose explosions and brilliancy were intended to drive away the bad apirits that were bent on tormenting the sovereign.

"The lext day we met a sort of cortége, composed of about twenty natives, who were marching in file, and before whom the crowd of people opened a passage with great respect. This was the escort of the little son of Norodom, who was out for an airing. The child was scated upon the shoulder of a little dignitary of the court. A servant walked behind and shaded him with a parasol. This royal baby was dressed in a silk gown of a brilliant color. He were a necklace and bracelets, and on he and he summit of his skull, and the was surmounted by one of those white jasmine flowers whose sweet performe the women here tize highly, and they gladly make offerings of it on the altars of Buddha."

A Sword of Honor Presented to a Woman From the Courrier des Ktats Unis.

From the Courrier des Riats Unis.

Mile: Lix is now 45 years old. She is the daughter of an officer in the French army, and was born at Columar. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father raised her as a boy, and made her wear boy's clothes until she was 8 years old. At 12 she could ride and fence admirably. At 17 she was well educated, and spoke English and German. She went to Poland as governess to the daughter of a Polish countess. In 1802, when the rebellion broke out in Poland, she but on male attire, and joined the rebels. For bravery on the field she was made a Lieutenant. She returned to France in 1866, and when the cholera broke out in the north she distinguished herself as a fearless nurse and helper of the sick poor. In recognition of this service the French Government appointed her Postmistress of Lamarche, in the Voges.

When the France-German war broke out

ment appointed ner Fostmistress of Lamarche, in the Voges,
When the Franco-German war broke out Mile. Lix again put on her soldier clothes, entisted in a free corps, and soon afterward again became a Lieutenant and took part in the fight at Bourgones-Nompateliae. She was called Lieut. Tony, the name given to her by the Polish patriots. She proved herself a brive fighter as well as a kind-hearted woman; and her inhors for the raile of the second of the second. er as well as a kind-hearted woman- and her inbors for the relief of the wounded wars indefatigable. When her sommany became
part of the army of Garlialdi she devoted horself exclusively to the ambulances.
At the close of the war she resumed her
duties as Postmistress, but soon began to suffer from rheumatism, which she had contracted
during the campaign, the hardships of which
proved toe much for her. She resigned, and
the Government then gave her clarge of a tebacco bureau at Bordeaux. She moves about
on crutches, Her soldierly conduct won for
her many honors. In 72 the Government conferred unon her a gold medal of the first class,
as well as the bronze cross of the ambulances,
tien. Charrette in 73 sent her the medal of the
Pontifical Zouaves, while the ladies of Alsace
presented her with a splendid sword of honor;
and this year the class Secretary of the National Society for the Encouragement of Good
Conduct, M. Honoré Arnoul, also sent her a
medal of honor. Gov. Faldheries, the Grand
Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, is about to
present her with the cross of the Legion.
Two other French women. Mile, Dodu and
Mme, Jarretout, have also been decorated for
bravery during the war of 1870-71. ors for the relief of the wounded w

A Japanese Editor Visiting Parts.

The most recent lion of Parisian literary anions is a supersee editor, an entity which is as pare in Europe as a biast swam or a white elephant. This interesting sentiations is named Jures (an honorary literary in excitations is named Jures (an honorary literary in excitations in named Jures (an honorary literary in Jures). Ar. Yano, although only the tone of the chieff of his party. He processe to spend aix months in Europe to familiarize humself with the manuers and methods of the people, and he will probably come to London at once. Upon his return Mr. Yano will sublish his impressions. From the Pall Mall Gazette, June 28.

at once. Upon his return Mr. Yano will supplish his impressions.

Jananese journalism, of which Mr. Yano is one of the most disruguished representatives, has developed with great rapidity during the least ten year. In 1875 his Jananese Empire counted only fifty three periodical publications of all kinds. Today there are published within the household the conficial organ, is middled exactly upon the French Journal Ondels. Mr. Yano's paper, the Holchich Irradical Lakestonia means a journal contains four page, the came size as the Debats, and is sold for two penus. Mant it is summarise newspapers, however, are said at three half-pures. They are mainly modelled upon the test European dailies. They continued the property of the containst and precisely as with its ports, and adverticements, all precisely as with its ports, and adverticements in precisely as with its ports, and adverticements.

A Queer Irish Will Case. From the London Telegraph.

From the London Pricaraph.

In the Dublin Probate Court, on Saturday, June 22 a velocity was given in the smit to establish the will occur to the property of the probate of the transportation of the processed. The text attracts we unpromise with the transport from the processed. The text attracts was unpromise with the transport and his life was attempted twice, due to the transport of the property of the party blown away to being destroyed and his tace party blown away to being destroyed and his tace party blown away to be the state and a slug enterine his head remained there thinks and so the price of the state and the wife were found dead in bed. By a will made property to charitable societies, and directed that his texture stored his house with that of eld irren, along of the state of the state of his reas with that of eld irren, along of wood, and odds and ends. He got in large statifies of floor, and based of vice every three week that the texture stored his house with that of eld irren, along the state of floor, and based of vice every three weeks the transport of floor, and based of vice every three weeks the unschool for a considerable time. His rooms were filled with 10 for a considerable time, this rooms were filled with 10 for a considerable time. His rooms were filled with 10 for a considerable time, the stored on his land in instance of the transport of the two seconds one of the transport of the was accountained to dress in a long the form down to his hele, and in the skirt pockets he carried with him a sheet of paper five or eix feet long containing complaints of tree-pass against his tenantry.

The First English Woman to Become o Master of Arts. From the Pall Mail Gazette.

From the Pail Mail Gazette.

For the first time, in this country a lady has just attained the degree of Master of Arts. The lady in question, Miss Mary Clara Dawes, need the matriculation examination in January. 1870. gaining the forty seventh piace in the honors division.

Least year, at the R. A. examination, having obtained a place in the first division at the pass examination, she rained honors also in classics, with the first place in the second class. At the examination just concluded she is placed four in in the last of the Nanters of Arts of the year who have taken the degree in the first branch of examination—that is, in classics with ancient and underful mistory. This was other branches are insthematics with Mistory. This was other branches as yet only one M. A. Aftry of these have obtained her degrees of Machelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of Rainer of Medicine, and separate the sarrious three that of the degree of Medicine and sight the degree of Sachelor of Aris, three that of the degree of Medicine and sachelor of Medicine